

Title: Discovery of the Tomb

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Day Fourteen - Day

Fifteen:

Lysander has returned...
and yet, how can I
describe the horror of
it? He stands across the
chamber from me even
now, a changed man. His
hair hangs in grimy knots
across his face, his
clothes filthy and torn in
places... and the blood -
covered in blood, his skin
shining in scarlet
reflections of the
torchlight. He will let no
one approach; a thick
rusted dagger in his hand
warding off any attempts
to overcome him. And the
blood, which runs down in
great rivulets from his
arms and hands - it is
not his own, and this is
enough to keep is at a
wary distance. Morg
Bergen wishes to subdue
him quickly, but there is
something in Lysander's
eyes - and I remember
the power of his spells,
even as he swings the
jagged dagger back and
forth in a wide swath
before him. Something
about the sight of it
makes my stomach churn.
Something has happened,
something that changes
everything. Lysander has
lost his sanity to this
tomb... or to something
within it. Do we dare
approach? We must make
a decision soon.